

AMARILLO DAILY NEWS, SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 22, 1922.

## CINDERELLA SALLY

By ZOE BECKLEY

(Continued from Last Sunday)

The trembling in Sally's nerves persisted as she followed Miss Bennett into the vast new hotel not even Branchville had heard of. It was in the heart of the theater district.

Not till they were alone in the two-room suite overlooking Broadway and Times Square did Sally draw a full breath or let Lucy Bennett see her frightened eyes.

"Now I'm going to leave you for an hour," said Lucy kindly. "You shall have a rest. Then we'll go to Mr. Golden—boss of the Frolics, you know."

Sally nodded dumbly and Miss Bennett left. Sally felt if she would move about she would break down utterly. So she explored the little suite—she was not equal to thinking of it as her suite.

In the white-tiled bathroom she felt most at home since it was the smallest of the rooms and had at least something to offer her hands in the way of activity. Swiftly she opened her imitation leather bag, whipped out her neediest linen and began washing it out in the big white tub.

How tedious the work would have seemed back in the Stanley household! How friendly and familiar and reassuring it was now! She stripped the paper from the tiny soap tablets she found at hand and scrubbed and rubbed away for quarter of an hour.

Suddenly she straightened up with a little cry. Someone had silently come in—the maid, immaculate in her gray and white, calm as she took in the spectacle of a "suite guest" washing under a tiny bath tub and draped it for drying purposes from towel rack, chair back, tub edge and electric.

Sally gazed straight into the maid's superior eyes. Then in a flash the two recognized in each an equal in origin. To Sally it might have been a friendly recognition, so lonely she felt.

But the other saw only an equal she was bound to attend as a servant. All the poverty of Sally's equipment as she stood there in her cheap cotton underthings, the look of straight blond hair that fell over her face as she scrubbed the familiarity with the despised occupation the maid recognized in Sally's posture—these were as taste of gall to the maid.

"So you're—you're the prize beauty—nowa be in the Manhattan Frolics Hotel too!"

The broad familiarity, the more than implied contempt from this spick and span creature of the great city made Sally quail. There was even a suggestion of Mrs. Stanley, Sally's former employer, in the servant's sneer.

For a day instant Sally felt she could give way before this crushing assault upon her spirit. Then some gainful quality the poor child had won from life in the foundling home came to her aid. Brushing back her look of hair with the part of her forearm free from scrubs, she drew herself up.

"Go and get me," she said, "somebody else does good, perfumed soap. Make you a good soap—and a big cake of it. And say—hurry up like a nice maid."

The maid stepped back and gasped. Sally never battoned an eye, something in her manner and tone also coming from Mrs. Stanley, and presently the fighting spirit subsided in the maid.

She remembered perhaps what power Sally as a guest possessed should the boy's spirit to use it. She turned suddenly and departed. Sally fell into a chair laughing; then burst into tears.

**Sally Sees Another Victory.**

When Lucy Bennett returned she found Sally in the mood of foreboding, in which one faces ordeal rather than triumph.

"Golden's waiting for us at his office come."

"Not as I am—not in this dress—Oh I can't," Sally looked down at herself, apologetic.

"He says yes, yes. Besides, you look nice in that gingham and the blue belt. You're a country girl, it wouldn't make a hit with him to try to look like Broadway."

Sally was silent. To confront this credulous arbitress of her fate without at least a little armor of new dress! Probably one look from him would send her back to Branchville.

"I won't go back there!" Sally's silent, ironed, clenched her hands.

She thought Miss Bennett was leading her into the most gaudy theater ever seen. But it appeared they were mounting in an elevator to offices high in the theater building.

A dazzling blond secretary ushered them into an office like a palatial dining room, a gilded grand piano in one corner draped with some priceless chintz whiles done in silk, an ornate flat-top desk piled with papers, framed photographs of celebrated players, vases of costly flowers—and behind the desk a thin, worried-looking man who had seened with many fine lines—and some coarse ones too.

"This," smiled Miss Bennett, leading her brother by the hand, "is Sally."

Golden darted shrewd eyes at her, and Sally felt them like electric needles. She couldn't have spoken if her life depended on it. The man looked steadily, dropped his glance to her hands, to her ankles, and smiled a tired but friend-like smile, much as he might have given a cat.

"All excited, S-B?" And it seemed the most natural thing in the world for him to call her by her first name.

Sally swallowed and wet her lips. "Yes—a little."

Golden turned to Miss Bennett and for some moments they talked on mysteriously technical things concerning "drugs dope," "cunts," "half-tones," and the like.

Sally, catching back her self-posse-  
sion, studied Golden surreptitiously. He was less frightening than she had expected. But neither was he reassuring.

She felt as though she were a bit of trade goods, one of dozens, scores and scores. He regarded her merely as a bit of texture to be examined for its suitability to the whole pattern.

"Walk over to that bookcase will you?" he asked her suddenly, closing his eyes to narrow slits.

Wondering, Sally obeyed. Well—if he



"SO YOU'RE THE PRIZE BEAUTY"

than of the experienced "old stager."

Langorous creatures, half clad or over dressed in gorgeous street attire, regarded the two girls with cold critical eyes.

In some underground way they had got wind of Sally's coming, and shrewdly they sensed that this new girl was she.

"Hello, kid," one of them greeted Sally, not unfriendly. "You the prize beauty?" from the Western chorusette that's going to join our little band?"

It was Lucy Bennett who answered. "Miss Dawson is to be in the company," she said with a deliberate smile. Between her and the chorus girl went a cool exchange of surveying.

"Oh! And you're to Chapman her so the well-known bloom don't get brush off her, eh?" drawled the girl, hand on hip, eyes half closed and red lips sensual.

"Sally doesn't need chaperoning."

She shook her head, shrug a shoulder, slim and powdery-white.

"No" comes right from the Bible—look out in Painted Post, what? Sanctimonious stuff, joy?" So—do good nothing can smother her, an all that rot?" Well tell her to watch her seat, all the same, she might slip over sometime, see?"

Nell Wain, the stage director, hurried up at the moment, and was introduced by Lucy to Sally. The critical showgirl moved off slowly as if she were dimming a uninteresting scene.

But there was an illusory expression about her slender shoulder and the face that glared over it, that told the audience Sally she was not yet through with her.

"Mmm—m, pretty fair," he murmured. "We'll see—what we shall see."

City Clothes Transform Sally.

Golden told Sally to come to the theater for rehearsal the following morning at 10. She and Miss Bennett had lunch at an entrancing tea-room and the afternoon was given over to shopping.

"Those ankles," Lucy Bennett was saying to herself, "must be got into silk stockings—and a pair of shoes bought. I can't look at those running over heels another instant."

Sally numb with emotional strain merely tagged along in Lucy's wake. The shop windows fascinated her. The women in the street drew her attention but with a curious reaction.

"Bathing suits," Sally grimed Miss Bennett's arm, "that's what they're wearing. Ugly, too. I shouldn't want to look like that." And Lucy Bennett experienced again that feeling that Sally in that founding body of hers did not have a sounding soul.

"What would you pick out?" she asked her curiously.

"Oh—I don't know. Something that doesn't show too much or—look like a—servant girl."

Lucy Bennett "got" Sally's idea, crude as it was. She took her to a quiet, exclusive place on Fifth avenue in the Fifteen and said a few words in an undertone to the woman manager.

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**Sally Starts Stage Career.**

"Well, that doesn't sound very hard," said Lucy. "Wain is a hundred off."

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**SALLY ACT IN WINNER.**

What the audience saw was a delicate pretty country girl, delightfully frightened.

Accustomed as these hardened theatergoers were to "country maidens" appearing behind the footlights with all the assurance of veterans, here indeed was something new.

No amount of theatrical art could simulate that naive and terrified smile, that tremulous mouth, the brave attempt a pose—so transparent and so flattering to an audience accustomed to seeing girls "stand on their heads" for a laugh.

To Sally's doxey eyes nothing of the audience was visible. But to her imagination there loomed from front piazza the faces of a terrifying multitude.

She felt the basket start and smoothly ride. Automatically she took her first strides and prepared to throw them right and left to the people below.

Then, in the forefront of the crowd her imagination pictured the face of the hotel maid whom she saw Sally's pathetic "wash" off by her side smirched the chorus girl who had warned that Sally would do well to "watch her step."

In mad panic Sally had the delusion that their tears were spreading to the faces of the rest of the crowd. A sort of paralysis seized her heart.

Sally still hesitated to answer Canby.

—Suddenly she caught sight of a stage hand with a card in his hand, trying to catch her eye. He hurried to her, Amazed, she took the card and read:

Harry Stanley.

**Sally Sees Harry Again.**

Harry Stanley, Miss Sally, with flushing face that charmed her pink rouge to rub, turned over the card to find there scribbled in an easier hand, "Oh, Sally. You're invited to a Frolics Girl almost entirely innocent spicy history was not his affair.

It his shows attracted the most fastidious of gay livers, it was often a nuisance, but until this night he had never felt actually responsible. Now he heartily wished Harry were at the other end of the earth.

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Harry Stanley, the nice, friendly boy who had taken her part against his mother. Who took no notice of a shy girl but was kind to her—a drudge.

The first human being to whom he had been more than a "child."

"Oh, do tell him to come in!" she cried eagerly to the stagehand, who nodded and left. "My only—the first friend I ever had," she said, her eyes suffused, turning to Lucy Bennett, "and night of all times!"

"You'll have to put him off, Miss Sally," Canby's voice came coldly.

"You're engaged?"

"Not for anything!"

The little financial backer of the Frolics stared at the country girl who calmly turned down his invitation for a schoolboy. His eyes narrowed.

"All right," he said indifferently, "suit yourself."

He turned and began to walk to Lucy Bennett.

"Don't be afraid to tell him off," Lucy Bennett said.

"I told him you never can tell," he said quickly.

"Send her out again!"

Over the footlights like a tidal wave roared the crowd's voice. There was no mistaking its friendliness.

Something leapt in Sally's heart—the ever-ready response in her to kindness.

The paralysis thawed by magic from her limbs. She felt the simple, kindly impulse of that crowd, as if it had spoken straight to her.

"Well, I guess they've cast-ast you," Lucy said, "but we'll have to try you in the star role. Meanwhile, put a little pink to your cheeks; they're mighty pink with excitement. Her eyes sparkled feverishly.

"I told you you never can tell," he said quickly.

"Send her out again!" Lucy Bennett said.

"Sally," he said gently, "you're made."

**Peril Faces Sally.**

For the rest of the evening Sally hovered in the wings, feeling literally on wings, but unstable ones that at any minute might plunge her to earth again.

Lucy Bennett, alert for impressions for her story of Sally's debut, was watching the rest of the company. She heard the girl who had greeted Sally the first night remark maliciously:

"Can you beat it? She's such a dumbbell that she made a hit! Now look at Dollars giving her the once-over. Well, the higher she goes the harder she falls."

Sally Bennett turned to look at "Dollars," a round, little man with well-kept hands—Mr. Canby, known to Wall

Street as "the Gusher" for the freedom with which his oil operations yielded him a daily fountain of gold.

" Didn't you know there was any left?" he was saying to Golden, "as fresh as that, Goldy. She's positively fragrant. I'll pull a party tonight. Come and bring her."

Even with the theater empty she felt the eyes of the chorus contemptuously upon her and of the principals watching critically.

Her clash with Wain had in some unaccountable way made him less harsh with her, but it was more the tolerance of indifference than because he had faith in her ability.

Sally would call for strength from the very depth of her soul and the courage she succeeded in summoning made her look like a Christian martyr going to her fiery ordeal, along with the gesture of throwing out poses of old-fashioned flowers to a happy populace, the effect was absurd, grotesque.

Wain in despair, was ready to abandon the number when the genius that made Golden the leading producer of his kind prompted him to try it out anyway.</